

Blinded

by LiteraryBeauty

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Lucius Malfoy awoke to the disconcerting knowledge that he was quite *blind*.

He was also quite tied to his bed.

"Hello?" he called cautiously. He suspected he could get out of the bonds, but the position was provocative rather than imprisoning, and he rather thought he'd like to know what he was getting into before he got out of it.

He was answered by the sensation of something cool and soft running over his cheek.

"Hello, Lucius," a voice whispered softly, close to his ear. The soft thing travelled over his neck and to his chest, making him realize he was also quite nude.

"Who are you?" he demanded, his mind working to place the voice and body working to meet the thing caressing him.

"I think you know. Think about it, Lucius. Who did you tell about your desire to be molested by a white rose? I realize you were inebriated at the time, but I assure you, the conversation made an impression on me."

Realization dawned. "Hermione? You have to stop! Severus would..."

A new voice entered the fold. "Severus would what?" Lucius immediately recognized the melodious baritone of his long-time friend.

"Severus, I swear to you, I did not ask for this..." Lucius hated to think he was coming between Severus and his new wife. The two were so perfect for one another, and Lucius had ruined enough lives without adding theirs to the list. He tried to think if he'd given any impression that he'd wanted Hermione...that he'd wanted *this*...but he believed he'd been quite careful in keeping his desires hidden.

"He knows that, Lucius." The rose, for that was what it surely must be, circled his nipples infuriatingly. "Because he was the one who asked for this."

Lucius turned his head to where his friend's voice had sounded. He then realized he was wearing a blindfold, and he tried to move it off by rubbing his head against the pillow but it must have been spelled on. "Severus?"

"She's right, old friend. I must say, you have been commendably reticent in your desires. I had not thought you to be so self-sacrificing. Perhaps if you'd known you had only to ask..."

"What are you saying?"

Hermione sighed, climbing onto the bed, as evidenced by the shift in the mattress. Lucius felt a sharp bite to his nipple, and he gasped before moaning when a pointed tongue soothed the sting.

"He means, Lucius...and I'm going to be bold here...that he knows you want me. And he knows you want him. And he knows... you *wants*."

Lucius bit his lip. He could deny it, but Severus was no fool. He could go along with it and see what they had planned for him, but what would happen after? Lucius was a Slytherin, and Slytherins rarely practised self-denial. He didn't *just* want them in his bed.

But Slytherins also knew to take what they could get.

"Well?" Severus prompted, and another shift in the mattress, on his other side this time, made him aware that Severus had sat down as well.

"Well, what?" Lucius demanded, his cultured drawl belying his nervousness. "Let's get on with it, shall we?"

Hermione laughed, saying, "See, darling? I told you he would be most amenable to our little plot. You expected to do much more convincing, did you not?"

Severus chuckled, and Lucius' cock twitched at the sound. Over twenty years of repressing his desire for his friend had made restraint impossible...not to mention desire for his delicious wife, who was currently licking his nipples with fervour.

"I had, indeed. But I am most pleased to see we can spend the lion's share of the time indulging rather than discussing."

Lips met his, and it only took a moment to recognize the spicy, masculine smell of Severus Snape. He kissed back with passion, aroused beyond all sense and amazed at what this ordinary Saturday morning had bestowed upon him.

He tried to focus on the kiss as Hermione licked and nibbled her way down his belly, but he gasped when her hot mouth swallowed his straining cock. Her movements were confident and languorous, and he knew she was teasing him.

"Quite skilled, isn't she?" Severus asked as though he was referring to her cooking skills rather than her oral ones.

"Very," Lucius gasped. Severus pulled away and Hermione's mouth left him as well. He was squirming for contact, but found himself denied.

He heard the telltale sounds of a passionate kiss above him and wished he could see. He'd always found the couple's passion for one another to be quite mesmerizing, not to mention inspiring.

Suddenly, he felt himself straddled, lissom legs on either side of his hips and an undeniable heat right above his aching arousal.

"Lucius, tell her you want her," Severus demanded, voice delightfully thick.

"Gods, I want you," he spoke into the air. "I've wanted you all along... ever since Severus got you, ever since I realized how beautiful, how sinful, how sweet you were. He would talk about you, and I hated him for having you and you for having him. I want you," he concluded, feeling rather embarrassed at his outburst, but glad that he'd gotten it out at long last.

"I want you, too, Lucius. I only wished I'd figured it out sooner." With that, her body lowered onto his and his cock was encased in her impossibly tight, wet heat. She took him all the way, her pussy stretched around him and clenching him in effective squeezes. He groaned as he felt her cervix at the tip of his cock. *A perfect fit.*

Hermione groaned, grinding her hips against his. "Severus... amazing... gods, Lucius, you feel so good."

Hearing both their names from her lips was an intense aphrodisiac, and he thrust lightly upward into her. She fell forward, her body tight against his, and he sighed at the contact of her breasts against his chest. How often had he thought about this? Only, in his imagination, he'd been able to touch....

"Untie me," he begged.

Hermione made a considering noise, but it was Severus who spoke. "No. I may be magnanimous enough to share my wife, but I suspect seeing another man's hands on her would change my mind at an alarming speed."

Lucius nodded. He could understand that. Severus was a proud man, highly possessive and covetous. He'd worked hard to get into Hermione's bed, and later, into her heart. Lucius wouldn't jeopardize that.

His considerations fled when Hermione began to move up and down on his cock. He felt her lips connect with his, and he greedily kissed her. She tasted just as good as Severus, but different. She was all candy and innocence, though he knew from Severus' insinuations that she was anything but.

She felt so tight around him, her pussy clenching him on every down stroke, and he had to break the kiss in order to pant for breath. Her hands were running up and down his arms, his sides and his chest, and not being able to see made the sensations heightened, with him never knowing where she would touch him next.

Hermione slowed her movements to a stop, leaning to press against his chest once more. She kissed and licked his neck, nibbling on his straining tendons there. She bit him lightly, tonguing it to sooth the faint pain.

Lucius felt a weight between his spread legs, and Hermione gasped and panted into his ear. She moaned throatily, and he desperately wished he could see.

"Tell me," he urged her.

She laughed softly, that sweet laugh that had drawn him even before the soft swell of her breasts or the light swaying of her hips.

"He's running his hands over my back, over my arse... feels so good, Lucius."

Lucius groaned at her narrative. He imagined Snape's hands on him as well as her. Lucius' hands on them both.

He felt more movement, and Hermione was breathing heavily against his neck amidst sharp nips and hot kisses.

"He has one finger inside me. He loves to do this to me, loves how much I love it," she whispered, breath tickling his ear. His cock was throbbing inside her, desperate to move, but he held still. Her breath caught and she cried out softly.

"Two fingers now and they're slick with lube. He's pushing them deeper... feels so good, so full." She paused in her description to kiss Lucius on the lips, slowly exploring his mouth and teasing his tongue. She moaned into his mouth and he knew why. He could feel Severus filling her with his cock. It put pressure on his own cock, tightening her even more around him. He felt Severus slide against him through the barrier between them. It was incredible.

"Oh, gods, he's filling me. He's fucking my arse; do you feel it, Lucius? Wish you could touch me. Oh, Merlin." She was panting again, moving backwards slowly onto Severus' cock before leaning forward off them both.

When she sank back down onto both of them, they all gasped in unison. This was better than anything he'd ever felt. Not just because of the heat, the tightness, the

sensations, but because it was *them*, here with *him*.

Hermione did most of the moving, with him and Severus mostly just holding on and holding off. Lucius gripped his bonds tightly, grasping them with the desperation of a man drowning. He could feel the knuckles of Severus' hands against his chest as the dark-haired man cupped his wife's breasts. Her moaning set off throbs in his cock, which he was sure she could feel.

Lucius tried valiantly to think of anything but what was happening to him. If he came too soon, they may never want to play with him again. For the first time he was thankful for his blindfold, for if he saw the picture they surely made, he would have lost it three times over.

Suddenly, Hermione was pressed hard against his chest, and a more rapid movement began. Hermione was rhythmically gasping in his ear, which she was also biting and licking.

"Hermione, describe it," he demanded, correct in thinking that she was close to coming, and so he wouldn't have to hold off much longer.

She drew a ragged breath before whispering huskily in his ear, "He's holding me against you, pushing me down. He's doing all the moving now... he's fucking us both, Lucius. He's so amazing, so perfect... you both are..." She couldn't seem to go on, making a series of random exclamations containing both their names and various expletives, which he was quite surprised to learn she even knew.

"Lucius, are you close?" Severus asked, voice so low it was more a vibration than anything else. Hermione was being moved more jerkily atop him, and he suspected Severus was not far off.

"Gods, yes," he answered honestly. Hermione was so tight, so warm and soft, Severus was so hard and smelled so good... it was impossible to hold back anymore.

Hermione came first, a throaty moan that finished off with a number of near-grunts as her body was pounded through her orgasm. She'd bitten down on Lucius' shoulder, and the pain combined with her sublime tightness caused his cock to harden and shoot deep inside her, his hips grinding up as much as possible from his restrained position. He closed his eyes behind the blindfold against the sensation, certain he'd never come so hard in his entire life. Or so much. His cock was still twitching as Hermione's hot walls emptied him.

Severus plunged forward once more, and with a nearly inhuman roar, he came, Hermione's body filled with both their fluids. He rocked into her, murmuring sweet words to both of them. Hermione was panting, attempting to answer but managing only half-coherence.

For Lucius' part, the moment it had begun, he regretted coming. Coming meant it was over, coming meant they would dress and leave and never look at him the same again.

He was glad for the blindfold again, this time because they couldn't see his uncharacteristically shiny eyes. Still short of breath, Lucius made a noise suspiciously like a whimper (and it would indeed have been classified as such, had it come from anyone but him) when he felt Severus pull away.

However, his heart halted the descent into his stomach when he felt Severus lying on the bed beside him. Hermione sighed, shifting so she was lying at Lucius' other side, curled up to his body, a soft thigh on top of his. He didn't feel quite so bereft with her body so close, but Severus felt decidedly unreachable in comparison.

Just as he was reflecting on this sad fact, he felt Severus lean over him, a hand flat against his chest. He kissed Lucius softly, briefly, searchingly. Lucius hoped his friend found what he was looking for in that kiss, because he poured all his heretofore unspoken hopes and desires into it. How he'd always wanted to be *wanted*, how he wanted *them*. Together. Maybe it was silly, maybe it was messy, but it was what he wanted, now more than ever. If they left without giving any small hope of a repeat performance, he knew he would *Obliviate* himself to stave off the pain of wishing without reason. He would hate to lose the memory, but it was better than living with the knowledge that they just didn't want him *enough*.

"I think he's thinking too much, Severus," Hermione whispered, placing her hand on top of her husband's on Lucius' chest.

"I suspect you may be correct, love. What, pray, are you thinking of that is putting that decidedly maudlin look on your face?" Lucius supposed the latter was directed at him, but he only shook his head, as though he was mute as well as blind.

"Lucius, did you enjoy what we did?" Hermione's soft voice was uncertain, and Lucius felt his heart clench. She'd changed so much in her time with Severus, often talking like him and making gestures that reminded Lucius keenly of the Potions master. She even had the eloquent eyebrow raise down to an art. But her own personality always shone through and hearing her speak so hesitantly genuinely hurt him.

"Yes, of course. Of course I did," he assured her, turning his head to speak to where he assumed her to be.

"But you would never want to... do it again?" she went on. Their hands on his chest were like deadweight on his heart. Was she making sure he understood that this encounter was singular?

He deliberated before settling on honesty, for once. "I would be... amenable to any... arrangements you may find.... agreeable."

Severus laughed, and Lucius stifled a moan, his cock stirring in interest at his friend's dulcet tones. "What doublespeak!" he exclaimed. "Say what you mean. Or better yet, allow me to say what we mean."

He felt Hermione nod against his chest. Did he really need to be blindfolded for this entire conversation? Not to mention naked and restrained?

"We want you."

Lucius clamped tightly on the hope that flared within him at that statement. Surely, they did not mean...?

Hermione continued, "Lucius, we've wanted you in our bed for some time. You are our best friend, and we love you very much. But in the last... few months, I suppose, we've wanted more. We want *you*."

Lucius hoped his confused look translated through his blindfold. Apparently it did, because Severus picked up the torch again. "We want you in more than our bed, old friend. We want you in our lives, in our hearts. In our marriage."

He was silent for so long that he was afraid he'd lost the ability to speak altogether. "You mean... we would be in a... relationship, together?" His mind was racing yet felt entirely too slow.

"Yes. But if you don't want that, we understand. If you only want us in your bed, we... we would be okay with that, too. Right, Severus?" Hermione said, her tentative voice making Lucius' heart swell. *They really want me*, he thought in amazement.

Severus answered, "Yes, of course. Whatever you want. But ideally, you will agree to our offer."

"And next time, I would be able to touch you?" He was 'looking' at Hermione as he said this, and then he turned to Severus, saying, "And you?"

He heard the smirk in Severus' voice. "Next time, yes."

Lucius didn't really have to think, but, for appearance's sake, pretended to do so anyway.

"Yes. Yes, I want that. I want you, both of you." He sounded sure, and he was. He knew they would be good for him, but more than that, Lucius had the feeling he could benefit them as well. Sort of a buffer between two volatile fronts, but serving his own purpose with each of them as well. Hermione had a social side that Severus rarely indulged, and Severus had a rather rough side that he felt guilty letting loose with his delicate-seeming wife.

It could be an ideal situation, all told.

But more than that, it could mean happiness.

Someone pulled off his blindfold, and Lucius blinked rapidly. He was finally able to see clearly.

Fin.